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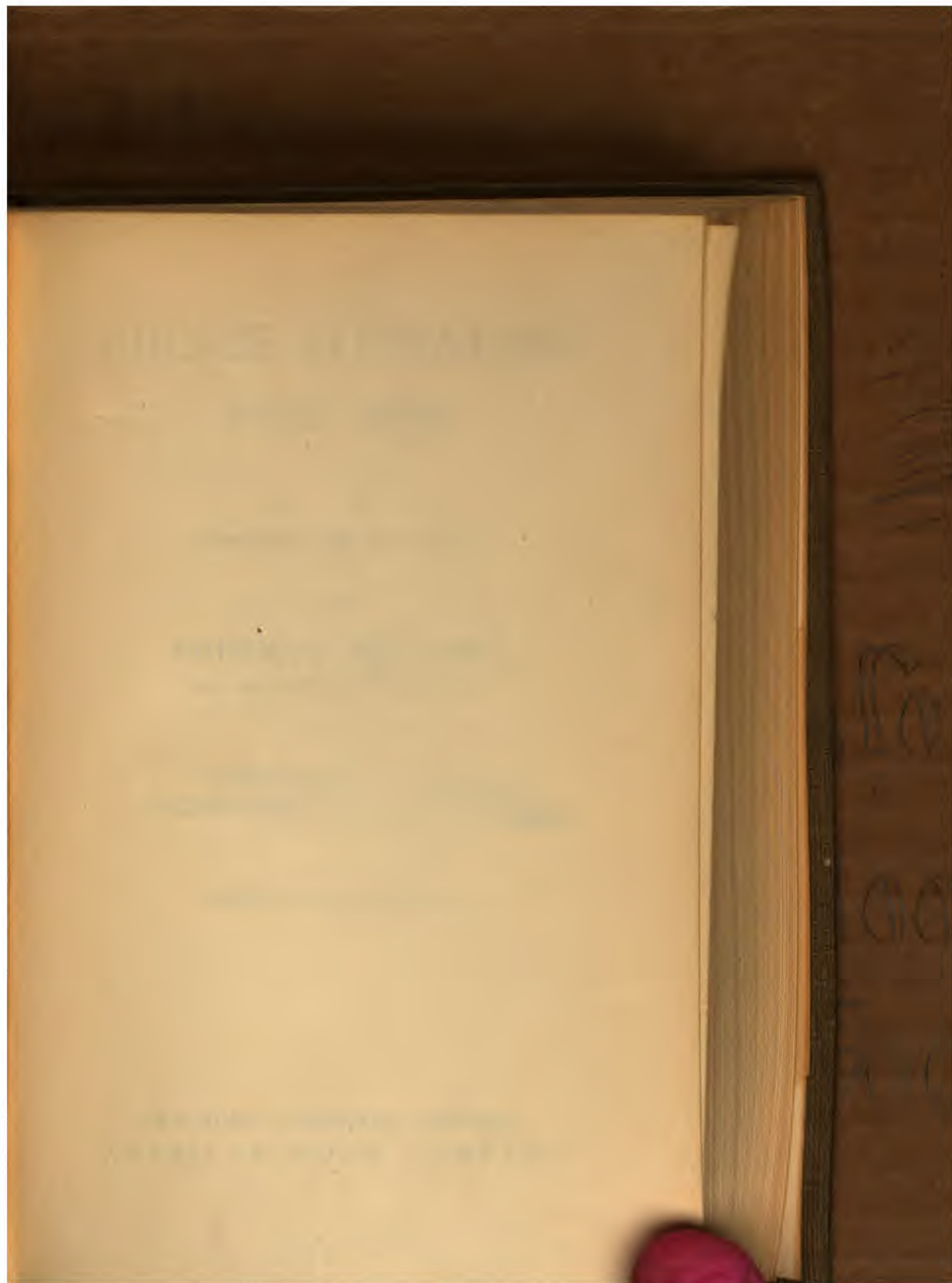
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CHOICE LITERATURE
BOOK THREE

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

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REVISED AND ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK ·· CINCINNATI ·· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

CHOICE LITERATURE. BOOK III.

E-P 1

PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

It is to meet this criticism that this series of readers is made. An effort has been made to avoid trashy matter on the one hand, and that beyond the comprehension of the pupil on the other. It should always be borne in mind, however, that pupils differ more in their ability to understand and enjoy good literature than in any other respect, therefore the selections used should differ much in difficulty.

Many of the poems in this volume are admirably adapted for training the pupils to "see the sights and hear the sounds" described in the text. This is particularly true of the poems by Clinton Scollard. When a child cannot do this he is not really reading, he is merely calling words.

In all readers above the second there should be no matter that is not well worth reading for its own sake. Reading merely for the purpose of increasing one's vocabulary is not worth the while.

Poetry should have a larger space in school readers, especially in the lower grades, than is customary. Poetry appeals to the emotions much more than does prose, and tends more to the creation of proper ideals of living than is commonly supposed.

Pupils who are able to read in this volume should be required to study their reading lesson thoroughly before coming to the class. It is not enough that they can pronounce the words and have some idea of their meaning. They should form the habit of visualizing, and should, to some extent, get the thought of the author. Pupils will soon learn to like to study a reading lesson in this way if they are properly trained. Among the selections in this volume admirably adapted to such work are "Jack Frost," "The Bobolink," "Fraidie Cat," "The Pop Corn Man," and "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK THREE

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

ALADDIN was the son of a poor tailor who lived in one of the rich provinces of China. As soon as he was old enough to learn a trade his father took him into his own shop. Aladdin was an idle fellow, and loved to play better than to work. He spent most of his time playing in the streets with other boys as idle as himself.

When he was quite young, his father died, and his mother had to work very hard to support him and herself as Aladdin kept his lazy habits. When he was about fifteen years old, a famous African Magician, who was looking for some ignorant person to help him, thought Aladdin just the kind of a young lad he wanted.

The Magician went to Aladdin and said, "My good lad, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?" "Yes," said Aladdin, "but my father has been dead for a long time."

"Alas!" cried the Magician, "what sad news! I am your father's brother. For many years I have been abroad. I have now come home in the hope of seeing

my brother, and you tell me that he is dead!" All this time tears ran down the stranger's cheek. He gave Aladdin two gold pieces and told him to take them to his mother and tell her that he would sup with them that night.

Aladdin's mother was very much surprised, but went to the market and bought provisions. She was busy at work getting supper when the Magician knocked at her door. He entered, followed by a porter who brought all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats.

The Magician gave Aladdin the things he had brought, then turned and saluted his mother and asked to be shown the place where his brother had been in the habit of sitting. When shown the place he fell down and kissed it, and said, with tears in his eyes, "My poor brother, how unhappy I am not to have come soon enough to have a parting word with you!"

As they sat down to supper the Magician, who said he had been away for forty years, gave an account of his travels. He said he had traveled in many countries. Turning to Aladdin, he asked him his name. On being told, he said, "What business do you follow? Have you any trade?"

These questions caused Aladdin to hang his head in shame. His mother said, "Aladdin is an idle fellow. His father tried to teach him his trade, but he would not learn it. Since his father's death, in spite of all I

say to him, he wastes all his time in the streets." The poor woman burst into tears, and the Magician said to Aladdin, "This is not well, nephew; you must help yourself and earn a living. I will help you as far as I can. Would you like me to furnish a shop for you?" Aladdin told his uncle that it would suit him better than anything else. He thought there would not be much work in keeping a shop.

The Magician told him that he would take him the next day and clothe him handsomely, and arrange to open the shop.

Aladdin's mother was greatly pleased and thanked the Magician heartily. She begged Aladdin to prove himself worthy of the good fortune that had come to him.

The next day the Magician called for Aladdin as he had promised. He took him to a merchant who kept ready-made clothes. He had Aladdin try on the handsomest suits and bought for him those that pleased him most. The pretended uncle took Aladdin to visit the bazaars of the foreign merchants, and to the most splendid mosques. In the evening he gave him a feast.

When Aladdin's mother saw him so handsomely dressed, and heard where he had been, she was very happy. "My generous brother," said she to the Magician, "I do not know how to thank you enough for your kindness. May you live many years, and have the deep gratitude of my son."

The Magician replied, "Aladdin is a good boy. He attends to what I say, and I have no doubt we shall be proud of him. I am sorry that I cannot hire a shop for him to-morrow, as it is Friday, and all the merchants will be absent; but we can attend to the matter Saturday. To-morrow I will come and take Aladdin to the public gardens outside the town."

The next morning Aladdin was up and dressed very early. As soon as he saw his uncle coming he ran to meet him. The Magician greeted him very kindly and said with a smile: "Come with me. I will show you some very fine things to-day."

He led Aladdin through beautiful gardens with great houses in them. Aladdin had never seen anything so beautiful. His uncle led him farther and farther into the country. Seeing that Aladdin was tired, the Magician sat down by the side of a fountain and took from his girdle some cakes and fruits.

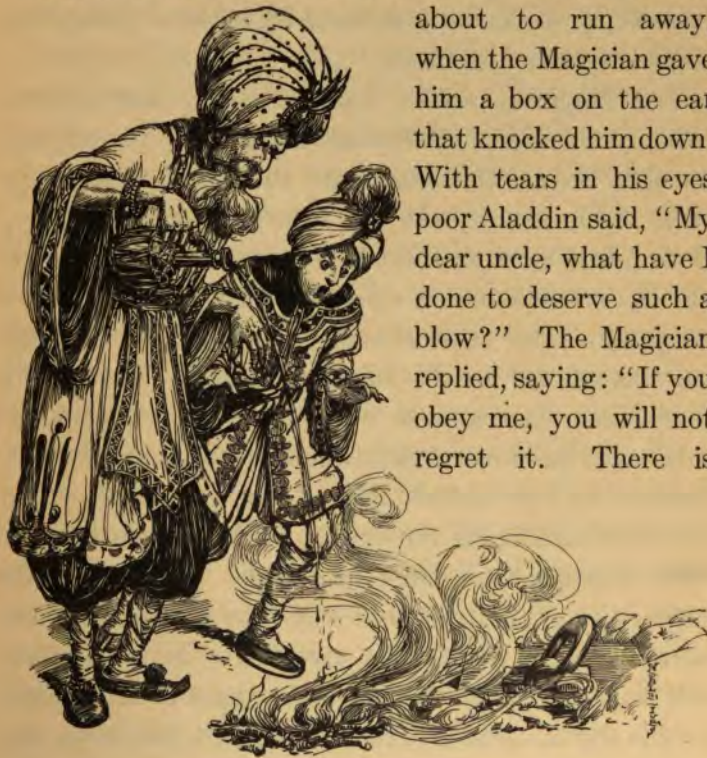
After a time they went on till they reached a narrow valley with mountains on all sides. This was the place that the Magician wished to reach and to which he had brought Aladdin for purposes known only to himself. "Now," said the Magician, "we need go no farther. I will show you some wonderful things that no one besides yourself will ever see. I am going to strike a light. Gather all the dry stricks you can find so that I may make a fire."

There were so many dry pieces of wood lying around that Aladdin soon gathered all that were needed. The Magician started a fire and threw upon it some perfume. A dense smoke arose, and the Magician spoke some mysterious words. The ground shook and opened where they stood, showing a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring fixed in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits, and was

about to run away, when the Magician gave him a box on the ear that knocked him down.

With tears in his eyes poor Aladdin said, "My dear uncle, what have I done to deserve such a blow?" The Magician replied, saying: "If you obey me, you will not regret it. There is



treasure under that stone that will make you richer than many kings. You may have it all if you do as I tell you."

Aladdin soon recovered from his fright and asked his uncle what he wished him to do. The Magician told him to take hold of the ring in the stone and lift with all his strength. To Aladdin's surprise he lifted the stone easily. He saw a small opening three or four feet deep. At the bottom was a little door. From this steps led down lower still.

The Magician said: "Go down into this cavern. When you come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see four large bronze vases, each full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it. When you reach the first hall, you must wrap your robe close about you, and go on through the second hall to the third, being very careful not to go near the walls, or even touch them with your robe, for the least touch would cause your instant death. At the farther end of the third hall there is a door that opens out into a garden, which is filled with beautiful trees, all full of fruit. If you wish to gather any of the fruit, you may take as much as you please. Enter the garden and follow a path which will lead you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps. At the top of these is a terrace. When you reach the

terrace, you will see a niche in which is a lighted lamp. Take it, put out the light, and throw out the wick and liquid that are in it. Then put it in your bosom and bring it to me. Do not be afraid of staining your dress. The lamp does not contain oil, and when you have thrown the liquid out, the lamp will become dry at once."

As the Magician gave these directions to Aladdin, he took a ring from his finger and gave it to his pretended nephew, saying that it would protect him from all harm that otherwise might come to him. "Now," said the Magician, "follow my directions and we shall both of us become immensely rich for the remainder of our lives."

Aladdin started on his errand with joy. He went down the steps and found the halls just as they had been described to him. He passed through them very carefully and came to the garden and went up the terrace. He found a lamp in a niche just as the Magician had told him. He put out the light and emptied the lamp as the Magician had directed. Putting it in his bosom, he came down the terrace, and stopped in the garden to look at the fruit, which he hardly noticed when he entered. The trees were full of the most wonderful fruit. Each tree bore fruit of a different color. Some of it was white, other sparkling and transparent as crystal. Some was of different shades of red, others green, blue,

violet, yellow. There was fruit of almost every known color. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires. All the various colored fruits were different kinds of precious stones. They were all of the largest size, and more perfect than any man had ever seen.

Aladdin did not know their value. He thought them only colored glass, but they were so brilliant, and their colors so beautiful, that he gathered some of each kind. He took all that he could possibly carry, filling his pockets, his purse, and the bosom of his robe.

With this great treasure, the value of which was wholly unknown to Aladdin, he hurried back to the Magician. When he reached the mouth of the cave, he said, "Give me your hand, uncle, and help me up." "Give me the lamp first," said the Magician, "as that will hinder you." "It is not in my way at all, and I will give it to you when I am out," said Aladdin.

The Magician was determined to have the lamp before Aladdin came out of the cave, but Aladdin had so covered it up with the colored fruit that he could not easily get at it, and he positively refused to give it up till he was out of the cave. The Magician became greatly enraged. He threw upon the fire, which he had kept up, more of the perfume which he

had brought with him, and pronounced two magic words, when the stone over the mouth of the cave returned to its place, and the earth covered it just as it was when Aladdin and the Magician found it.

Aladdin was buried in the earth with no way of escape so far as he could see. He called to his uncle a thousand times and told him that if he would open the cave again, he would give him the lamp, but all in vain. For a long time he cried bitterly; then he stopped and turned to go into the garden where it was light, but he found that the walls which had been opened by enchantment had been closed by the same means. He felt around in the dark, but could find no opening. He tried and tried again, but to no purpose. He sat down on the steps of his dungeon without any hope that he would ever see the light of day again. He remained there two days without food or drink. When the third day came he felt that he must soon die. He lifted up his hands and joined them as in the act of prayer, and said in a loud voice, "There is no strength or power, but in the high and great God."

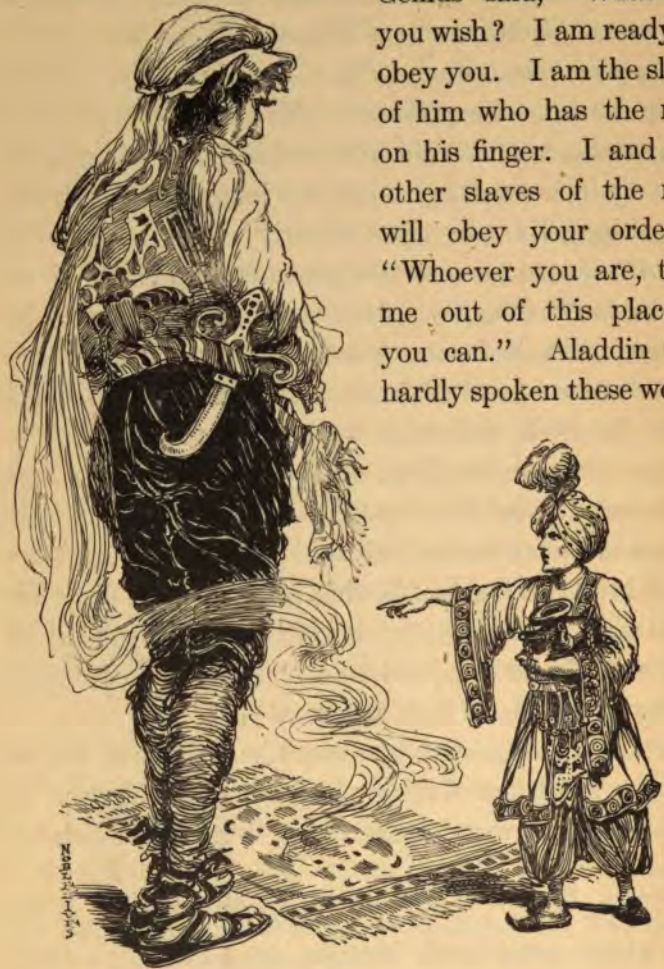
In the act of joining his hands he happened to rub the ring which the Magician had put on his finger. A Genius,¹ an enormous figure with a horrid countenance,

Genius. Same as Jinn or Jinnee. Sometimes written Genie. A creature of supernatural powers. Said to have been created two thousand years before Adam. Belongs to Mohammedan Mythology.

at once appeared before him. The figure was so tall that its head touched the roof of the cavern. The

Genius said, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you. I am the slave of him who has the ring on his finger. I and the other slaves of the ring will obey your orders."

"Whoever you are, take me out of this place if you can." Aladdin had hardly spoken these words



before he found himself outside the cave. He rose up weak and trembling. He saw the city in the distance. Weak and weary he found the road to his home a very long one. When he reached the city he was nearly dead with hunger and fatigue.

His mother who had supposed him lost forever, and was almost heartbroken, received him with great joy. After he had eaten and rested, he told his mother all about his adventures, and showed her the lamp, the wonderful ring, and the colored fruits. His mother was as ignorant of the value of the fruits as was Aladdin. They both thought them very handsome and hid them behind the cushions of their sofa.

When Aladdin awoke next morning he was very hungry, and asked his mother for some breakfast. "Alas, my child," said his mother, "I have not even a morsel of bread to give you. You had for your supper last night the last of the food in the house. Be patient, I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it and buy something for our dinner."

Aladdin's mother brought the lamp and said, "It is very dirty. If I were to clean it, it might sell for more." She took some water and a little fine sand to clean it with. As soon as she began to rub the lamp, a hideous and enormous Genius rose out of the ground before her and cried with a voice of thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you. I and the other

slaves of the lamp will obey those who have the lamp in their hands." Aladdin's mother was so frightened that she could not speak, but Aladdin who had seen the same thing in the cave took the lamp in his hand and said, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The Genius disappeared and soon returned with twelve covered silver dishes, with the nicest of meats, and other things needed for an excellent feast. He placed them on the table and instantly disappeared.

As soon as Aladdin's mother recovered from her fright, they sat down to their breakfast which was the finest they had ever tasted. They had never seen so fine dishes. They were all of silver, even the drinking cups. The remains of the feast provided them with food for several days. Then Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one, and in this way they lived very comfortably.

Aladdin profited by his experience and behaved with great prudence, and showed much wisdom. He visited the principal shops and public places, and spoke only with wise and prudent persons. In this way he gathered much wisdom.

One day as he was walking in the city, he heard a proclamation of the Sultan ordering all persons to shut up their shops and stay in their houses until the Princess, who was going to take a bath, had passed on her way and returned.

As Aladdin was carried along by the crowd of people hastening to their homes, he found himself in the doorway of a large building which he thought to be the baths where the Princess was expected. He hid himself behind a door from which place he could see the Princess as she passed without danger of being seen himself.

It was a long time before the Princess appeared with a crowd of attendants. As she passed the place where Aladdin was, she threw aside her veil. Aladdin was fairly dazzled by her beauty. She was the most



beautiful princess that was ever seen. Aladdin fell in love with her at once.

After thinking the matter over for a long time, Aladdin told his mother of his love for the Princess. "Alas, my son!" she said, "what are you thinking of? You have surely lost your senses."

Aladdin replied, "I have not lost my senses. I knew very well that you would think me out of my mind, but nothing can prevent my asking the Sultan for his daughter in marriage."

"My son, you seem to have forgotten that your father was only a poor tailor; and I do not know who would dare to go and speak to the Sultan in your behalf."

"You yourself must," said Aladdin. "I?" said his mother in great surprise, — "I go to the Sultan? Not I, indeed; I will take care to keep out of such folly. No one can make any demand of the Sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor people as we find one?"

Aladdin told his mother that in talking with the merchants of the city he had learned to know the value of gems and that he had known for a long time that there were none in their shops half so fine as those he had brought from the enchanted cave. His mother brought them from the place where they had been kept, and they arranged them in a fine porcelain dish. Aladdin and his mother were both dazzled by the sparkling of the gems, and by their brilliant colors.

Aladdin's mother was sure that they would be a present that could not fail to please the Sultan, so she agreed to see him as Aladdin wished. She set out for the palace. She found a great crowd of those who had business with the Sultan. When the doors were opened, she went in with the rest. She found herself in a large and beautiful room with a magnificent entrance. She placed herself opposite the Sultan and the officers of the court.

When the various causes had been heard, the Sultan and the officers of the court retired without any one having taken the slightest notice of Aladdin's mother. This happened day after day, until at last her perseverance and patience touched the Sultan's heart, and he sent for her to learn her business.

With fear and trembling she told of the boldness of her son, and begged the mercy of the Sultan for him, and for herself. The Sultan listened kindly and before making reply asked what she had so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. She laid the jewels before him. His surprise in seeing a collection of gems larger, more perfect and beautiful, than any he had ever seen, was so great as to cause him to look at them in speechless wonder. He took the present from Aladdin's mother, exclaiming, "How very beautiful! How extremely rich!"

Turning to his Grand Vizier,¹ he showed him the gems. They talked together privately for a time, then the Sultan said: "My good woman, I shall be glad to make your son happy, by marrying him to the Princess, my daughter, as soon as he sends me forty large basins of massive gold, each full of such gems as you have brought me, provided that each basin is brought by a black slave, led by a white slave, young, well-made, handsome, and richly dressed. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

She went home filled with disappointment and gave her son the Sultan's strange message. Aladdin smiled. As soon as his mother left the room, he took the lamp and rubbed it. The Genius instantly appeared. Aladdin told him the Sultan's request and commanded him to provide at once what had been demanded. In a very short time the Genius returned with forty black slaves, each carrying on his head a large golden basin of great weight, filled with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, quite as fine as the others. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. Each of these black slaves was led by a white one, and they filled all the house, as well as the court and the garden.

¹ A *Grand Vizier* is the highest dignitary of the court of a Mohammedan country, an office much like that of an English Prime Minister.

When Aladdin's mother came in, she almost fainted at the sight of so great a crowd, and the magnificence of the dress of the slaves. Aladdin wished her to follow the procession of slaves at once, and present the Sultan the dowry of the Princess.

No sooner did the first slave pass into the street than all the passers-by stopped to look at him, and by the time the whole procession was on the way, the crowd was so great that the streets were impassable.

When the first of the slaves reached the gate of the palace, the porters were astonished. They thought the first was a king, he was so richly and handsomely dressed.

When the Sultan learned that the slaves were at the gates, he ordered that they be admitted. They entered in regular order and formed a semicircle before the throne. The black slaves placed the basins which they carried before the Sultan and prostrated themselves so low that their foreheads touched the floor. The white slaves performed the same ceremony. Then they all rose, and as they did so, the black slaves uncovered the basins and remained standing, with their hands crossed upon their breasts.

The sight of so much riches and splendor astonished the Sultan. After gazing upon the slaves, and the shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting to receive him with open arms."

Aladdin was so delighted that he could hardly answer his mother. He hastened to his chamber, shut the door, and summoned the Genius, whom he commanded to take him instantly to a bath. When he had been bathed and perfumed by invisible hands, he was dressed in garments that shone like the sun, and the Genius brought him a splendid charger and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on his way to the Sultan's palace, each holding a purse of gold to scatter among the people.

If there was a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now, to watch Aladdin, and to pick up the pieces of gold which his slaves scattered. The Sultan came down from his throne to greet him. There was feasting and joy in the palace. After the feast, the judge was ordered to draw up the marriage contract.

When this was done, the Sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and conclude all the ceremonies that day. "Sire," said Aladdin, "however impatient I may be, I beg you to permit me to wait until I have built a palace worthy of the Princess, and for this purpose I beg that you will have the kindness to point out a suitable place for it near your own, that I may always be ready to pay my court to your majesty. I will then make it ready with all possible speed."

"My son," said the Sultan, "take whatever spot you think proper. There is a large open space before my

palace, which I have thought of filling up; this may answer your purpose. Remember that my happiness will not be complete till you are united to my daughter." Having said this, he embraced Aladdin, who then took his leave in a polished manner, as though he had spent all his life at court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home, he summoned the Genius and commanded him to build at once, on the spot named by the Sultan, the most beautiful palace ever seen. Early the next morning the Genius appeared and said, "Sir, your palace is finished; come and see if it is what you wish."

In a moment Aladdin was carried to the palace. It was more perfect, and more beautiful than anything he could have imagined. "Genius," said Aladdin, "there is one thing left to be wished for; that is, to have a carpet of the finest velvet laid from the Sultan's gate to this door, for the Princess to walk upon." In a moment this was done.

Words cannot express the surprise of the Sultan, and of his household, at seeing a gorgeous palace where but the day before had been a vacant space.

The Princess was rejoiced. Her marriage with Aladdin took place the same day. For some months they lived in the palace in the greatest happiness. Aladdin was very kind to the poor, and pleased every one by his generosity.

This happiness, however, was not to last. Aladdin became very fond of hunting, and there was not a week that he did not follow the chase. Sometimes he went a long distance from the city.

About this time his old enemy, the African Magician, found out by means of his magic arts, that Aladdin had become enormously rich, and that he was loved and respected, instead of being dead in the cave, as he had supposed.

The Magician was filled with rage, and vowed that he would destroy Aladdin. He immediately set out for China. On his arrival he went to the principal khans,¹ and began talking about Aladdin and the wonders of his palace. In this way he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting and was not expected back for some days.

The Magician bought a dozen shining new lamps, and putting them in a basket, set out for Aladdin's palace. Coming near, he cried out, "Who will change old lamps for new ones?" This brought out a crowd of people shouting and laughing, for they all thought he must be crazy to give new lamps for old ones.

He kept on with his cry until he reached the windows of the palace. "Come," said one of the slaves, "let

¹ *Khan*: A sovereign ruler in Tartar countries; in Turkey one of the Sultan's titles; in India a title meaning much the same as the English Esquire; in Turkey and India an unfurnished inn surrounding a courtyard.

us see if he means what he says; there is an ugly old lamp lying on the cornice of the large hall; we will put a new one in its place if the old fellow is in earnest." The Princess having given leave, one of the slaves ran to the Magician with the old lamp, for which he gladly gave her the best lamp he had in exchange. The Magician left and made ready to enjoy his revenge.

As soon as night came, the Magician summoned the Genius of the lamp, and commanded him to transport him, the Princess, and the palace to the most remote corner of Africa. This was done instantly.

When the Sultan found that the palace had vanished, and his daughter was lost, his grief and anger were great. Soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin who had not returned from hunting. He was found and dragged like a criminal before the Sultan, who would have had him beheaded had he not feared the people by whom Aladdin was greatly loved. "Go, wretch!" cried the Sultan. "I grant thee thy life; but if you ever appear before me again, you shall surely die, unless you bring me tidings of my daughter within forty days."

Aladdin left the palace, not knowing which way to turn. He stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes that smarted from much weeping. As he stooped he slipped, and as he caught hold of a rock to save himself, he pressed the Magician's ring which he wore, and at once the Genius of the ring appeared, saying, "What would

you have?" "Oh, powerful Genius," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to the place where it stood yesterday."

The Genius replied, "I cannot do what you demand, for that service you must command the Genius of the lamp." "Then I command you to transport me to the place where the palace now stands," said Aladdin. Instantly he found himself beside his palace which stood in a meadow near a strange city. The Princess was walking in her chamber, weeping. As she came near a window, she saw Aladdin. She motioned him to keep silent and sent a slave to bring him into the palace by a private door. The Princess and her husband kissed each other and shed tears of joy. Aladdin said, "Tell me what has become of the old lamp that I left on the cornice of the hall of four and twenty windows."

The Princess told him that her slave had exchanged it for a new one, and that the tyrant who had her in his power carried it in his bosom. Aladdin then felt sure that it was his old enemy, the African Magician, who had been the means of his downfall. After they talked together for a time, the Princess and Aladdin hit upon a plan for getting the lamp back.

Aladdin went to the city in the disguise of a slave and bought a powder that would cause instant death if swallowed. The Princess then invited the Magician to sup with her. She had never been so polite to him

before, and he was greatly delighted. While they were at the table she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine which she had previously prepared. After pretending to taste the one she had, she asked the Magician to change cups with her, as was the custom, so she said, between lovers in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking it all at one draught, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin, who was near by, hastily snatched the lamp, and rubbed it. When the Genius appeared, he ordered him to transport the palace and all that it contained back to the place from which he had brought it.

Some hours later the Sultan who had risen at the break of day, worn out with grief, went to the window to look at the spot where the palace had stood, saw, to his great joy, the place occupied again by the palace, as before. He summoned his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter. During the whole of the week following, nothing was to be heard but the sound of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and all kinds of musical instruments. There were feasting and merrymaking in honor of the return of Aladdin and the Princess.

Not long after this the Sultan died, and Aladdin and the Princess ascended the throne. They reigned together many years, and at their death left many noble sons and daughters.



THE COMING OF SPRING

S. L. LAPINS

O H, the sunshine told the bluebird
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow,
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torper
And it spread each gauzy wing
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the spring.

JACK FROST

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost had got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas;

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The doors when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the windowpane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake, you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

SABINE BARING-GOULD

NOW the day is over
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

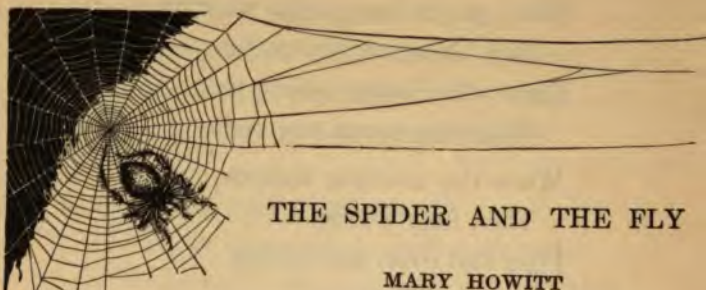
ON THE VOWELS

JONATHAN SWIFT

WE are airy little creatures,
 All of different voice and features;
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet.
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within.
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

REMEDY FOR EVIL

FOR every evil under the sun,
 There is a remedy, or there is none.
 If there be one, try to find it;
 If there be none, never mind it.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

MARY HOWITT

"WILL you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.



The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,

"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair,
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin;

And if you'd like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly,
For I've often heard it said,
That they never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do,
To prove the warm affection,
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry,
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome —
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no!" said the little fly;
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty, and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.
I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning, now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle thread
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! How very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew —

Thought only of her brilliant eyes,
And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head, —
Poor foolish little thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den
Within his little parlor — but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you, ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counselor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree;

"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see, if to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain;
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow:

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and
friend,

But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you nothing lay by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket,
"Not I.

My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sang, sir, you say?

Go, then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

SNOWDROPS

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

LITTLE ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you've been,
There are wondrous places.

Yet you come again, serene,
When the leaves are hidden;
Bringing joy from where you've been,
You return unbidden —

Little ladies, white and green,
Are you glad to cheer us?
Hunger not for where you've been,
Stay till Spring be near us.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "*It would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech,
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —

And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!"

"No hurry," said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

The Carpenter said nothing but,
 "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
 "I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,
 Holding his pocket handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
 "You've had a pleasant run!
 Shall we be trotting home again?"
 But answer there was none —
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd eaten every one.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem!
 How still we see thee lie;
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
 The silent stars go by;
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!



SELECTIONS FROM ÆSOP'S FABLES

Æsop, a celebrated writer of fables, was born about twenty-five hundred years ago. He is supposed to have been a Phrygian. He was the slave of Iadmon, who set him free as a reward for his wit and pleasantry. The Athenians erected a statue in his honor. The fables of Æsop were among the earliest writings of the kind, and have never been excelled for point, brevity, and good sense.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A DOG lay in a manger full of hay. An Ox came near and wanted to eat the hay. The Dog got up and growled at him, and would not let him eat it. "Cross Dog," said the Ox; "you cannot eat the hay, and yet you will let no one else have any."

THE COVETOUS MAN

A miser once buried all his money in the earth, at the foot of a tree, and went every day to feast upon the sight of his treasure. A thievish fellow, who had watched him, came one night and carried off the gold. The next day the miser, finding his treasure gone, tore his clothes and filled the air with his lamentations. One of his neighbors told him that, if he looked at the matter aright, he had lost nothing. "Go every day," said he, "and fancy your money is there, and you will be as well off as ever."



THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL

It seems there was a sly Cat in the house, and the Mice were in such fear of her that they had a meeting to find out some way to prevent her from catching them. "Do as I say," cried one of the Mice; "hang a bell on the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near." This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy. "Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell on the Cat's neck?" Not a Mouse would do it.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A hungry Fox saw some fine bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up from the ground. As he looked he longed to get at them, but could not. At last, growing tired of leaping for them, he left them hanging there, and went on his way, muttering; "Let those have them who wish. They are green and sour! I will let them alone."

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A Grasshopper that had sung merrily all the summer was almost perishing with hunger in the winter. So she went to some Ants that lived near, and asked them to lend her a little food that they had put by. "You shall certainly be paid before this time next year," she said. "What did you do all the summer?" asked they. "Why, all day long, and all night long, too, I sang, if you please," answered the Grasshopper. "Oh, you sang, did you?" said the Ants. "Now you may dance."

THE FOX AND THE ASS

An Ass, finding a lion's skin, put it on, and ranged about the forest. The beasts fled in terror, and he was delighted with the success of his disguise. Meeting a Fox, he rushed upon him, and this time he tried to imitate the roaring of the lion. "Ah," said the

Fox, "if you had held your tongue, I should have been deceived like the rest; but now you bray, I know who you are."

THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS SONS

A certain husbandman, lying at the point of death, called his sons around him, and gave into their charge his fields and vineyards, telling them that a treasure lay hidden somewhere in them, within a foot of the surface. His sons thought he spoke of money which he had hidden, and after he was buried they worked hard, digging all over the estate, but found nothing. The soil being well loosened, however, the succeeding crops were richer than ever before, and the sons then knew what their father had in view in telling them to dig for hidden treasure.

JUPITER'S TWO WALLETTS

When Jupiter made man, he gave him two wallets, — one for his neighbor's faults, and the other for his own. He threw them over man's shoulders so that one hung in front, and the other, behind. The man kept the one in front for his neighbor's faults, and the one behind for his own, so that, while the first was always before him, it took some pains to see the latter. The custom, which began thus early, is not quite unknown at the present day.

THE HAWK AND THE FARMER

A Hawk, pursuing a pigeon with great eagerness, was caught in a net which had been set in a cornfield for the crows. The Farmer, seeing the Hawk fluttering in the net, came and took him. The Hawk begged the man to let him go, saying piteously that he had done him no harm. "And pray what harm had the poor pigeon done to you?" replied the Farmer. Without more words he wrung off his head.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

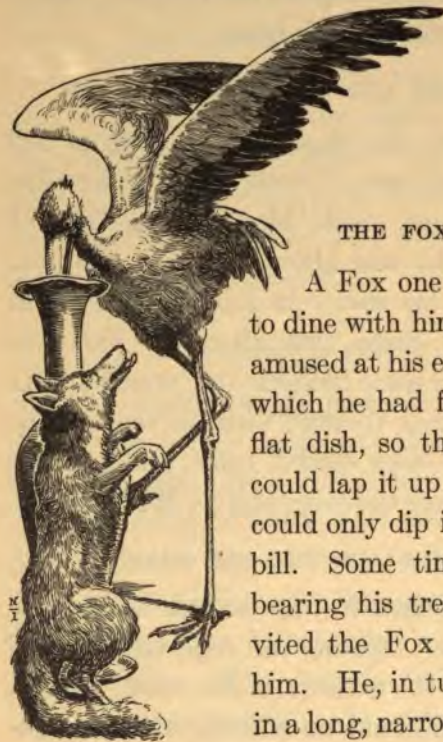
A Lion, tired with the chase, lay sleeping at full length under a shady tree. Some Mice, scrambling over him while he slept, awoke him. Laying his paw upon one of them, he was about to crush him, but the Mouse implored his mercy in such moving terms that he let him go. Some time after, the Lion was caught in a net laid by some hunters, and, unable to free himself, made the forest resound with his roars. The Mouse whose life had been spared, came, and with his little sharp teeth gnawed the ropes and set the Lion free.

THE GOATHERD AND THE SHE GOAT

A Boy, whose business it was to look after some goats, gathered them together at nightfall to lead them home. One of the number, a She Goat, refused to obey his call, and stood on a ledge of rock, nib-

bling the grass that grew there. The Boy lost all his patience, and took a great stone and threw it at the Goat with all his might. The stone struck one of the horns of the Goat and broke it off at the middle. The Boy was frightened and feared his master's anger. He threw himself on his knees before the Goat, and begged her to say nothing about the matter, saying that he had no idea of hitting her. "Tush!" replied

the Goat. "Let my tongue be ever so silent, my horn is sure to tell the tale."



THE FOX AND THE STORK

A Fox one day invited a Stork to dine with him, and, wishing to be amused at his expense, put the soup which he had for dinner in a large, flat dish, so that, while he himself could lap it up quite well, the Stork could only dip in the tip of his long bill. Some time after, the Stork, bearing his treatment in mind, invited the Fox to take dinner with him. He, in turn, put minced meat in a long, narrow-necked vessel, into

which he could easily put his bill, while the Fox was forced to be content with licking what ran down the sides of the vessel. The Fox then remembered his old trick, and had to admit that the Stork had well paid him off.

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a traveler on his way, they agreed to try which could sooner make him throw off his cloak.

The North Wind began, and sent a fierce blast which, at the outset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings; but the traveler took hold of the garment with a firm grip, and held it round his body so tightly that the North Wind put forth all the rest of his force in vain.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, darted his most sultry beams on the traveler's head. The man, growing faint with the heat, flung off his cloak, and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A Boy, who kept a flock of sheep not far from a little village, used to find fun in calling out from time to time, "Wolf! Wolf!" Many times in this way he called the men in the fields from their work to help him. But when the men found out it was a joke, they made

up their minds that no matter how much the Boy cried, "Wolf!" they would not stir to help him.

At last the Wolf really did come. Then the Boy ran calling, "Wolf!" as loud as he could, but the men would not heed him, for they thought him only in fun. So the Wolf killed all the sheep in the flock.

If boys tell lies, how can you know when they speak the truth?

THE DOG AND THE BIT OF MEAT

A Dog, with a nice bit of meat in his mouth, went on a plank over a smooth brook. By chance he looked into the brook, and saw there what he took to be another dog with a bit of meat. He snapped to get this dog's meat as well as his own; but when he opened his jaws, the bit of meat he had in his mouth fell out and sank in the brook.

HERCULES AND PALLAS

Once when Hercules was journeying along a narrow roadway, he came across a strange-looking animal that reared its head and threatened him. Hercules, not at all frightened, gave him a few lusty blows with his club, and started to move on. To his surprise and astonishment, the animal was now three times as large as before, and of a still more threatening aspect. He therefore redoubled his blows, and laid about him fast and furi-

ously; but the harder and quicker the strokes of the club, the bigger and more frightful grew the monster, who now completely filled up the road. Pallas then appeared upon the scene. "Stop, Hercules," said she. "Cease your blows. The monster's name is STRIFE. Let it alone, and it will soon become as little as it was at first."



THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him; and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town; and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the Mice were in such fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey, or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, and have your fill of good things, but always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home and in no fear of any one."

THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THE ASS

An old man and his little boy were once driving an ass before them to the next market town, where it was to be sold. "Have you no more wit," said a passer-by, than for you and your son to trudge on foot and let the ass go light?" So the man put his

boy on the ass, and they went on again. "You lazy young rascal!" said the next person they met; "are you not ashamed to ride and let your poor old father go on foot?" The man lifted the boy off and got up himself. Two women passed soon after, and one said to the other, "Look at that selfish old fellow riding on, while his little son follows after on foot!" The old man thereupon took the boy up behind him. The next traveler they met asked the old man whether or not the ass was his own. Being answered that it was, the man replied that no one would think so, from the way he used it. "You are better able to carry it," said he, "than he is to carry both of you." So the old man tied the ass's legs to a long pole, and he and his son shouldered the pole and staggered along under the weight. In that way they entered the town, and their appearance caused so much laughter that the old man, vexed at the result of his endeavor to suit everybody, threw the ass into the river, and seized his son by the hand and went to his home again.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS

A boy once thrust his hand into a pitcher which was full of figs and filberts. He grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he tried to draw it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Not liking to lose any of them, but unwilling to draw

out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise and reasonable advice: "Take only half as many, my boy, and you will easily get them."



THE CAT, THE APE, AND THE NUTS

A Cat and an Ape sat one day by the fire, in which were some nuts roasting in the coals. The nuts had begun to crack with the heat, and the Ape said to the Cat: "It is clear that your paws were made to pull out those nuts. Put in a paw, and draw them out. Your paws are just like hands."

The Cat much enjoyed this speech, and so put out her paw for the nuts; but she at once drew back with a cry, for she had burned her paw with the hot coals. But she tried again, and this time pulled out one nut; then she pulled out two, then three, but each time burned her paw.

When she could pull out no more, she looked around, and found that the Ape had used the time to crack the nuts and eat them.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

One hot day a Wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Now, not far down the stream, a stray Lamb was playing in the water.

The Wolf made up his mind to eat the Lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he ran to the Lamb, calling in a loud voice: "Fool, get out of the brook! How dare you muddle the water that I wish to drink!"

"Oh," said the Lamb, in a mild tone, "I do not see how that can be. You stood above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, — not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the Lamb, in a great fright, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use to try to argue me out of my supper." And without one word more, he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb, and tore her to bits.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A Crow had snatched a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, and flew up into a high tree with it, that she might eat it at her ease. A Fox having spied her, came and sat underneath, and began to pay the Crow compliments on her beauty. "Why," said he, "I never saw it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that I ever saw in my life! Ah, what a fine shape and graceful neck is there! And I have no doubt but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can match you."

The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was. But thinking the Fox a little doubtful as to the quality of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in the matter, she began to sing, and in doing so dropped the cheese, which the Fox seized at once, and then told her to remember that whatever he had said of her beauty, he had said nothing, as yet, of her brains.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare, one day, laughing at the Tortoise for his slowness and awkwardness, was challenged by the latter to run a race. The Hare, looking on the whole affair as a great joke, consented, and the Fox was chosen to act as umpire and hold the stakes. The rivals started, and the Hare, of course, soon left the Tortoise far behind. Having come midway to the goal, she began to play about, nibble the young herbage, and amuse herself in many ways. The day being warm, she even thought she would take a little nap in a shady spot, as, if the Tortoise should pass her while she slept, she could easily overtake him again before he reached the end. The Tortoise, meanwhile, plodded on, unwavering and unresting, straight toward the goal. The Hare, having overslept herself, started up from her nap, and was surprised to find that the Tortoise was nowhere in sight. . Off she went at full speed, but on reaching the winning post found that the Tortoise was already there, waiting for her arrival.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

An old man had several sons, who were constantly quarreling. He tried to cure them, but was not able to do so. One day he called them all to him, and handed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly to-

gether. He asked the sons to break the bundle. Each one tried it, but none of them was able to do so. He then untied the bundle, and gave each a stick, and asked him to break it. This each did easily.

Their father said: "You saw how it was with the sticks. It will be so with you. If you keep together, no one can harm you; but if you quarrel and do not help each other, you will be easily overcome."

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING

Long ago, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with great clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a king, to keep them in better order and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing their foolishness, smiled at their request, and threw down a log into the lake, which, by the huge splash and commotion it made, sent the whole nation of Frogs into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come into a leap's length of the spot where the log lay. At length one Frog, bolder than the rest, ventured to pop his head above water, and take a look at their new king from a respectful distance. Presently, when they saw the log lie stock-still, others began to swim up to it and around it, till by degrees growing

bolder and bolder they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Full of disgust for so tame a ruler, they carried a petition a second time to Jupiter, and asked for a more active king. He then sent them a stork, who had no sooner come among them than he began to eat them as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they tried to escape him. Then they sent Mercury to Jupiter to beg for mercy for them, but Jupiter replied that they were only suffering the result of their own folly, and that another time they would let well enough alone.

THE TONGUES

Xanthus invited a large company to dinner, and Æsop was ordered to furnish the choicest dainties that money could procure. The first course consisted of tongues, cooked in different ways and served with appropriate sauces. This gave rise to much mirth and many witty remarks by the guests. The second course was also nothing but tongues, and so with the third and fourth. This seemed to go beyond a joke, and Xanthus demanded in an angry manner of Æsop, "Did I not tell you to provide the choicest dainties that money could procure?" "And what excels the tongue?" replied Æsop. "It is the channel of learning and philosophy. By it addresses and eulogies are made, and commerce carried on, contracts executed,

and marriages consummated. Nothing is equal to the tongue." The company applauded Æsop's wit, and good feeling was restored.

"Well," said Xanthus to the guests, "pray do me the favor of dining with me again to-morrow. I have a mind to change the feast; to-morrow," said he, turning to Æsop, "provide us with the worst meat you can find." The next day the guests assembled as before, and to their astonishment and the anger of Xanthus nothing but tongues was provided. "How, sir," said Xanthus, "should tongues be the best of meat one day and the worst another?" "What," replied Æsop, "can be worse than the tongue? What wickedness is there under the sun that it has not a part in? Treasons, violence, injustice, fraud, are debated and resolved upon, and communicated by the tongue. It is the ruin of empires, cities, and of private friendships." The company were more than ever struck by Æsop's ingenuity, and they interceded for him with his master.

BOBOLINK

CLINTON SCOLLARD

BOBOLINK
He is here!

Spink-a-chink!

Hark, how clear

Drops the note
From his throat,
Where he sways
On the sprays
Of the wheat
In the heat !
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink !

Bobolink
Is a beau.
See him prink !
Watch him go
Through the air
To his fair !
Hear him sing
On the wing —
Sing his best
O'er her nest !
Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink !

Bobolink,
Linger long !
There's a kink
In your song
Like the joy
Of a boy

SHADOW-TOWN FERRY

Left to run
 In the sun —
 Left to play
 All the day.
 Bobolink,
Spink-a-chink!

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." By permission.

SHADOW-TOWN FERRY

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray;
 This is the ferry to Shadow-town.
 It always sails at the end of day,
 Just as the darkness is coming down.
 Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so —
 A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
 Drifting away from the world we go,
 Baby and I, in the rocking-chair.
 See, where the fire logs glow and spark
 Glitter the lights of the shadow-land!
 The winter rains on the window — hark! —
 And ripples lapping up its strand.
 Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
 Silently lower the anchor down;
 Dear little passenger, say "Good-night!"
 We have reached the harbor of Shadow-town.



THE rosy clouds float over-
 head,
 The sun is going down;
 And now the sandman's gentle tread
 Comes stealing through the town.
 "White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
 And as he shakes his hand,
 Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
 His gift of shining sand.
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
 As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
 through the town.

From sunny beaches far away —
 Yes, in another land —
 He gathers up at break of day
 His store of shining sand.
 No tempests beat that shore remote,

No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows, —
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till by your bed, his good nights said,
He strews the shining sands.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes
through the town.

From "The Youth's Companion." By permission.

FRAIDIE-CAT

CLINTON SCOLLARD

I SHAN'T tell you what's his name:

When we want to play a game,
Always thinks that he'll be hurt,
Soil his jacket in the dirt,
Tear his trousers, spoil his hat, —

Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Nothing of the boy in him!

"Dasn't" try to learn to swim;
Says a cow'll hook; if she
Looks at him he'll climb a tree.
"Scart" to death at bee or bat, —

Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

Claims the're ghosts all snowy white
Wandering around at night
In the attic: wouldn't go
There for anything, I know.
B'lieve he'd run if you said "scat!"

Fraidie-Cat! Fraidie-Cat!

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THE OWL

ALFRED TENNYSON

WHEN cats run home and the light is come
 And the dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
 And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,
 Twice or thrice his roundelay;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

O H, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee :
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view ;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe through the storm :
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave ;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor it cease to shine on the brave ;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true ;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH BEST

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

M. B. EDWARDS

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow —
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

THROW AWAY TROUBLE

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart;
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings.
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches all sorts of terrible things.

THE TEMPEST

JAMES T. FIELDS

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

THE VIOLET

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers, —
“We are lost!” the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
“Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE VIOLET

JANE TAYLOR

DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair !
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom
In modest tints arrayed ;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

WISHING

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

RING TING ! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring !
The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king !

Nay, — stay ! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay !
The winds would set them dancing,

The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin, —
A Robin, or a little Wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well, — tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before the day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing.

VIOLETS

LUCY LARCOM

THEY neither toil nor spin;
And yet their robes have won
A splendor never seen within
The courts of Solomon.

Tints that cloud rifts hold,
And rainbow gossamer,

The violet's tender form enfold;
No queen is draped like her.

All heaven, and earth, and sea
Have wrought with subtlest power
That clothed in purple she might be, —
This little fading flower.

We who must toil and spin,
What clothing shall we wear?
The glorious raiment we shall win,
Life shapes us everywhere.

God's inner heaven hath sun,
And rain, and space of sky,
Where through for us his spindles run,
His mighty shuttles fly.

His seamless vesture white
He wraps our spirits in;
He weaves his finest webs of light
For us, who toil and spin.

SPRING

CELIA THAXTER

THE alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;

The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine;
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children,
God made them all for you.

POM-POM-PULLAWAY

CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN the snow's all gone,
And the robin's on the lawn,
And the maple buds swell,
And we hate the school bell,
O how we love to play
Pom-pom-pullaway!

Out in the lot we go,
Range all in a row,
All the boys but one;
Then is the sport begun,
For that one will say, —
"Pom-pom-pullaway!"

Now there's a rush, now
Helter-skelter, anyhow,
Push, plunge, run, race,
For the other goal place;
Who's caught must say, —
"Pom-pom-pullaway!"

By and by there's no one
Left in the line to run;
First caught — he's "it,"

Doesn't care one bit
'Cause he must stand and say, —
"Pom-pom-pullaway!"

Then, when the sun's low,
Homeward we all go, —
Eat, and soon off to bed,
Each boy a sleepyhead.
My, but it's fun to play
Pom-pom-pullaway.

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THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
At hide and seek, and chirp and sing;

While, flashing to and from the eaves,
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
And tall old trees you could not climb;
And winds that come, but cannot stay,
Are singing gayly all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brock that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

WINTER

The coals beneath the kettle croon,
And clap their hands and dance in glee;
And even the kettle hums a tune
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

WINTER

FROM THE GERMAN

OLD winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of:
His flesh is firm as ironstone,
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm it lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire, and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river, —
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver, —

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,
That hates he not, he loves it all, —
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summerhouse, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied,
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

This delightful poem was written by James Hogg, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd." He was born in Scotland in 1772.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,

Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.



OLD GRIMES

ALBERT G. GREENE

OLD GRIMES is dead; that good old man,
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true;
 His coat had pocket holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.



SONG OF LIFE

CHARLES MACKAY

Charles Mackay, born in Scotland in 1814, was best known as a writer of songs. He wrote a great deal, and you will often see his poems in print, though no collection of them is to be had. For many years he was a leading newspaper editor and correspondent.

A TRAVELER on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore —
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.

He passed again; and lo! The well
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

VACATION TIME

CLINTON SCOLLARD

ALL the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation time,
And a swelling flood of joy
Brims the heart of every boy.
No more rote and no more rule,
No more staying after school
When the dreamy brain forgets

Tiresome tasks the master sets;
Nothing but to play and play
Through an endless holiday.

Morn or afternoon, may all
Swing the bat and catch the ball;
Nimble-footed, race and run
Through the meadows in the sun,
Chasing wingéd scraps of light,
Butterflies in darting flight;
Or where willows lean and look
Down at others in the brook,
Frolic loud the stream within,
Every arm a splashing fin.

Where the thorny thickets bar,
There the sweetest berries are;
Where the shady banks make dim
Pebbly pools, the shy trout swim;
Where the boughs are mossiest,
Builds the humming bird a nest; —
These are haunts the rover seeks,
Touch of tan upon his cheeks,
And within his heart the joy
Known to no one but a boy.

All the world is set to rhyme
Now it is vacation time.

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." By permission.



A RAIN SONG

CLINTON SCOLLARD

DON'T you love to lie and listen,
 Listen to the rain,
 With its little patter, patter,
 And its tiny clatter, clatter,
 And its silvery spatter, spatter,
 On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
 Listen to the rain.
 It's the fairies — Pert and Plucky,
 Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,
 Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky —
 On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain.

I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and graces,
On the roof and on the pane!

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BROOK SONG

CLINTON SCOLLARD

IT trips over the pebbles
In tinkles and trebles,
It slides and it glides in its fetterless glee,
It doubles
And bubbles;
It ripples
And dimples,
And so it goes racing adown to the sea.

By lowland and highland,
By marshland and island,
Its course from its source is the course of the free;
It hurries
And scurries
Through noonshine
And moonshine,
And ever goes singing adown to the sea.

We cry to it, "Rover,
Give over! Give over!"

No heed in its speed does it pay you or me:
But leaping
Unsleeping
It dances
And glances,
Until it finds rest on the breast of the sea.

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BROWNIE AND THE COOK

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

PART I

Dinah Mulock Craik was born in England in 1826. She published poems, but is better known as a novelist. Her best novel is probably *John Halifax, Gentleman*. She wrote several juvenile stories, the most popular being the book from which this story is taken.

THERE was once a little Brownie, who lived —
where do you think he lived? In a coal cellar.

Now a coal cellar may seem a curious place to choose to live in; but then a Brownie is a curious creature — a fairy, and yet not one of that sort of fairies who fly about on gossamer wings, and dance in the moonlight, and so on. He never dances; and as to wings, what use would they be to him in a coal cellar? He is a sober, stay-at-home, household elf —

nothing much to look at, even if you did see him, which you are not likely to do — only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and hands, and a brown peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. And like a mouse, he hides in corners — especially kitchen corners, and only comes out after dark when nobody is about, and so sometimes people call him Mr. Nobody.

I said you were not likely to see him. I never did, certainly, and never knew anybody who did; but still if you were to go into Devonshire, you would hear many funny stories about Brownies in general, and so I may as well tell you the adventures of this particular Brownie, who belonged to a family there; which family he had followed from house to house, most faithfully, for years and years.

A good many people had heard him — or supposed they had — when there were extraordinary noises about the house, noises which must have come from a mouse or a rat — or a Brownie. But nobody had ever seen him except the children — the three little boys and three little girls — who declared he often came to play with them when they were alone, and was the nicest companion in the world, though he was such an old man — hundreds of years old! He was full of fun and mischief, and up to all sorts of tricks, but he never did anybody any harm unless it was deserved.

Brownie was supposed to live under one particular coal, in the darkest corner of the cellar, which was never allowed to be disturbed. Why he had chosen it nobody knew, nor how he lived there, nobody knew either, nor what he lived upon. Except that, ever since the family could remember, there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the coal cellar door for the Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it — perhaps he didn't; anyhow, the bowl was always found empty next morning. The old cook, who had lived all her life in the family, had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper; but at last she died, and a young cook came in her stead, who was very apt to forget everything. She was also both careless and lazy, and disliked taking the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody. "She didn't believe in Brownies," she said; "she had never seen one, and seeing's believing." So she laughed at the other servants, who looked very grave, and put a bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

But once, when Brownie woke up, at his usual hour for rising — ten o'clock at night, — and looked round in search of his supper — which was, in fact, his breakfast — he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling

and smelling about for his bowl of milk, — it was not always placed in the same corner now, — but in vain.

"This will never do," said he; and, being extremely hungry, began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were as useful in the dark as in the light — like pussycats'; but there was nothing to be seen — not even a potato paring, or a dry crust, or a well-gnawed bone, such as Tiny the terrier sometimes brought into the coal cellar and left on the floor — nothing, in short, but heaps of coals and coal dust; and even a Brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"Can't stand this; quite impossible!" said the Brownie, tightening his belt to make his poor little inside feel less empty. He had been asleep so long — about a week, I believe, as was his habit when there was nothing to do — that he seemed ready to eat his own head, or his boots, or anything. "What's to be done? Since nobody brings my supper, I must go and fetch it."

He spoke quickly, for he always thought quickly, and made up his mind in a minute. To be sure, it was a very little mind, like his little body; but he did the best he could with it, and was not a bad sort of old fellow, after all. In the house he had never done any harm and often some good, for he frightened away all the rats, mice, and black beetles. Not the

crickets — he liked them, as the old cook had done; she said they were such cheerful creatures, and always brought luck to the house. But the young cook could not bear them, and used to pour boiling water down their holes, and set basins of beer for them with little wooden bridges up to the rim, that they might walk up, tumble in, and be drowned.

So there was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of his coal cellar door which, to his surprise, he found open. Old

cook used to lock it every night, but the young cook had left that key, and the kitchen and pantry keys, too, all dangling in the lock, so that any thief might have got in and wandered all over the house without being found out.

“Hurrah, here’s luck!” cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the



air, and bounding right through the scullery into the kitchen. It was quite empty, but there was a good fire burning itself out — just for its own amusement — and the remains of a capital supper spread on the table, quite enough for half a dozen people being left.

Would you like to know what there was? Devonshire cream, of course, and a part of a large dish of junket, which is something like curds and whey; lots of bread and butter and cheese, and half an apple pudding; also a great jug of cider and another of milk, and several half-full glasses, and no end of dirty plates, knives, and forks. All were scattered about the table in the most untidy fashion, just as the servants had risen from their supper without thinking to put anything away.

Brownie screwed up his little old face and turned up his button of a nose, and gave a long whistle. You might not believe it, seeing he lived in a coal cellar, but really he liked tidiness, and always played his pranks upon disorderly or slovenly people.

"Whew!" said he, "here's a chance! What a supper I'll get now!"

And he jumped on a chair and thence to the table, but so quietly that the large black cat with four white paws, called Muff, because she was so fat and soft and her fur so long, who sat dozing in front of the fire,

just opened one eye and went to sleep again. She had tried to get her nose into the milk jug, but it was too small; and the junket dish was too deep for her to reach except with one paw. She didn't care much for bread and cheese and apple pudding, and was very well fed, besides. So after just wandering around the table, she had jumped down from it again and settled herself to sleep on the hearth.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh, what a supper he did eat — first one thing and then another, and then trying everything all over again! And oh! what a lot he drank — first milk, and then cider, and then mixed the two together in a way that would have disagreed with anybody except a Brownie. As it was, he was obliged to slacken his belt several times, and at last took it off altogether. But he must have had a most extraordinary capacity for eating and drinking, since, after he had nearly cleared the table, he was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now his jumping was a little awkward, for there happened to be a clean white tablecloth; as this was only Monday, it had had no time to get dirty, untidy as the cook was. And you know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with running about in coal dust. So wherever he trod he left the impression

behind, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

Not that he minded this; in fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible; and then laughing loudly, "Ho, ho, ho!" leaped on to the hearth, and began teasing the cat; squeaking like a



mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing like a fly; and altogether disturbing poor pussy's mind so much, that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner, and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then, hearing a slight noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, he jumped on the table again — gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast, and scampered off to his big coal cellar; where he hid himself under his big coal, and fell asleep for the day.

PART II

Well, the cook came downstairs rather earlier than usual, for she remembered she had to clear off the remains of the supper; but lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear! Every bit of food was eaten up — the cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it, and nibbled it down to the very rind; the milk and the cider were all drunk — and mice don't care for milk and cider, you know. As for the apple pudding, it had vanished altogether; and the dish was licked as clean as if Boxer, the yard dog, had been at it in his hungriest mood.

"And my white tablecloth — oh, my clean white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried she in amazement. For it was all over little black footmarks just the size of a baby's foot — only babies don't wear shoes with nails in them, and don't run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

Cook was a little frightened; but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched comfortably on the hearth.

"You nasty cat! I see it all now; it's you that have eaten up all the supper; it's you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

They were white paws and clean as possible; but cook never thought of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't usually drink cider.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way; take that — and that — and that!"

Cook got hold of a broom and beat poor pussy till the creature ran mewling away. She couldn't speak, you know — unfortunate cat! and tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

Next night cook thought she would make all safe and sure; so, instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed — leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out of his hole, there was, as usual, no supper for him, and the cellar was close shut. He peered about, to try to find some cranny under the door to creep out at, but there was none. He felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, who kept walking to and fro in the most melancholy manner — only she was alive, and he couldn't well eat her alive: besides, he knew she was old, and had an idea she might be tough; so he merely said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" to which she answered nothing — of course.

Something must be done, and luckily Brownies can do things which nobody else can do. So he thought

he would change himself into a mouse, and gnaw a hole through the door. But then he suddenly remembered the cat, who, though he decided not to eat her, might take this opportunity of eating him. So he thought it advisable to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while. At length, quite tired with walking about, Pussy turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Immediately Brownie changed himself into the smallest mouse possible; and, taking care not to make the least noise, gnawed a hole in the door, and squeezed himself through, immediately turning into his proper shape again, for fear of accidents.

The kitchen fire was at its last glimmer; but it showed a better supper than even the night before, for the cook had had friends with her, — a brother and two cousins, — and they had been exceedingly merry. The food they had left behind was enough for three Brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all up. Only once, in trying to cut a great slice of beef, he let the carving knife and fork fall with such a clatter that Tiny the terrier, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark furiously. However, he brought her her puppy, which had been left in a basket in a corner of the kitchen, and so succeeded in quieting her.



After that Brownie enjoyed himself amazingly, and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth; for he began jumping about like a pea on a trencher, in order to make his supper agree with him.

Then, in the absence of the cat, he teased the puppy for an hour or two till, hearing the clock strike five, he thought it as well to turn into a mouse again, and creep back cautiously into his cellar. He was only just in time, for Muff opened one eye, and was just going to pounce upon him, when he changed himself back into a Brownie. She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size, and her eyes

gleaming like round green globes. But Brownie only said, "Ha, ha, ho!" and walked into his hole.

When cook came downstairs and saw that the same thing had happened again, — that the supper was all eaten, and the tablecloth blacker than ever with the extraordinary footmarks, — she was greatly puzzled. Who could have done it all? Not the cat who came mewling out of the coal cellar the minute she unlocked the door.

"It must have been Tiny herself, or her puppy," which just came rolling out of its basket over cook's feet. "You little wretch! You and your mother are the greatest nuisance imaginable. I'll punish you!"

And, quite forgetting that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that her poor little puppy was so fat and helpless it could scarcely stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on chairs and tables, she gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door.

"You ought to have beaten the Brownie, if you could catch him," said the little kitchen maid in a whisper. "He'll do it again and again, you'll see, for he can't bear an untidy kitchen. You'd better do as poor old cook did, and clean the supper things away, and put the odds and ends safe in the larder, also," she added mysteriously. "If I were you, I'd put a bowl of milk behind the coal cellar door."



"Nonsense!" answered the young cook, and flounced away. But afterward she thought better of it, and did as she was advised, grumbling all the time, but doing it.

Next morning the milk was gone! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up; anyhow, nobody could say that he hadn't. As for the supper, cook having safely laid it on the shelves of the larder, nobody touched it. And as for the tablecloth, which was folded up tidily, it came out as clean as ever, with not a single black footmark upon it. No mischief being done, the cat and the dog both escaped beating, and Brownie played no more tricks with anybody — till the next time.



BED IN SUMMER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

From "A Child's Garden of Verses." Copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

MARY HOWITT

Mary Howitt was born in England in 1798. She wrote many poems, hymns, and ballads. You will frequently meet them, but there is no edition of her poems to be had.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank,
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door,

Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are, in my spirit,
Visioned a delight,
Coming ere the springtime,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

SONG

CELIA THAXTER

SING, little bird, oh, sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear!

How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, oh, bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost illumine
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, oh, dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance
Of sunshine tells of spring.

Oh! Bloom, and sing, and smile,
Child, bird, and flower, and make
The sad old world forget awhile
Its sorrow for your sake!

THE USE OF FLOWERS

MARY HOWITT

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all;
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?
Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no one passes by.

Our outward life requires them not, —
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man — to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY

CLINTON SCOLLARD

LITTLE Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again.
Glum if he must leave his play,
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down, and mouth awry !
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go,
Like his sister — Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never — you nor I —
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." By permission.

THE POP CORN MAN

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THERE'S a queer little man lives down the street
Where two of the broadest highways meet,
In a queer little house that's half of it glass,
With windows open to all who pass,
And a low little roof that's nearly flat,
And chimney as black as Papa's best hat.
Oh, the house is built on this funny plan
Because it's the home of the pop corn man !

How does he sleep, if he sleeps at all?
 He must roll up like a rubber ball,
 Or like a squirrel, and store himself
 All huddly-cuddly under the shelf.



If he wanted to stretch he'd scarce have space
 In his bare little, spare little, square little place.
 He seems like a rat cooped up in a can,
 This brisk little, frisk little pop corn man!

I know he's wise by the way he looks,
 For he's just like the men I've seen in books.
 With his hair worn off, and his squinty eyes,
 And his wrinkles, too — oh, I know he's wise!

And then just think of the way he makes
The corn all jump into snowy flakes,
With a "Pop! Pop! Pop!" in his covered pan,
This queer little, dear little pop corn man!

From "A Boy's Book of Rhyme." By permission.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"



The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
"I can earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

Perhaps there is nothing else written by John Ruskin that you will care to read now, but later in life you will enjoy "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive," and others of his works. Ruskin was born in England in 1819. He was noted as an art critic.

CHAPTER ONE

IN a remote and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, with peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell to the westward, over the face of a crag so high that when everything else was in darkness the sun still shone upon the waterfall,

making it look like a shower of gold. For this reason the people in the neighborhood called it the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound their way through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was parched, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its grass so tall, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and it was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut so that you could not see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*.

They lived by farming in the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the black-birds, because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they

poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees.

They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they did not become rich, and very rich they did become. They generally managed to keep their corn till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value.

They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet they were never known to give as much as a penny, or even a crust in charity; they never went to mass; they grumbled at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those who had any dealings with them, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely unlike Schwartz and Hans, both in appearance and character, as could possibly be imagined. He was not more than twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with his brothers, or rather they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers

justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times Gluck used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesale quantity of blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last there came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been gathered when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces by hail; the corn was all spoiled by a blight; but in the Treasure Valley, as usual, everything prospered. As the valley had rain when there was drought elsewhere, so now it had sun when there was no sun in any other part of the country. Everybody came to the Treasure Valley to buy corn, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers, who asked what they chose and got it, except from the poor people, who could not pay, who could only beg. Several of these starved at the very door of the Black Brothers, without their taking the least notice of them.

Winter was near at hand, and one very cold day the two elder brothers went out, warning Gluck, as usual, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck, who had been left to mind the roast,

sat close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were neither dry nor comfortable looking. He turned and turned the roast till it was nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull as though the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and, what was very astonishing, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put out his head to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted the supposition that he had been blowing a fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth,

and his hair, a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same height, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was nearly covered by the folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind whistling round the old house carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his flyaway cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its eyes and mouth very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

By this time Gluck had had his head so long out of the window that he began to feel unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck.

"I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman. "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap sticking up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the room.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long silverlike streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But, — sir, — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really, sir, — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the spit meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck lifted the slice into the dish of mutton again, with a desperate effort at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella

in Gluck's face. "Aye! What for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman put out his conical cap, on which it struck with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged for shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen — "

"Off, and be hanged!" said Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round, and round, till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and

ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he, also, had hardly touched him when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round and



round in the opposite direction. He continued to spin until his cloak was all wound neatly about him. He clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side, for it could not stand upright without hitting the ceiling, gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish

you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that is the last visit I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner — but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! And you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room, melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door was burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was all off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the

old gentleman called after them. "Remember! — The last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had destroyed the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: —

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

CHAPTER TWO

SOUTHWEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit just related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually that they all adopted the same line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing

in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with adverse skies, left their home in despair, to try to gain a living among the people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths!" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered a large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

They agreed that the idea was a good one, so they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But they did not prosper, for people did not like the coppered gold, and whenever they sold anything the two elder brothers left Gluck to mind the furnace while they went and spent the money for drink at the next alehouse. They soon melted all their gold save one large drinking mug which an uncle had given to Gluck, and of which he was very fond. He would not have parted with it for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

It was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal.

These wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz insisted that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink.

When it became the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but his brothers only laughed at him and tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He went sadly toward the window, and sat down to breathe the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace.

The window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung

the Treasure Valley, and particularly the peak from which the Golden River fell. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with a double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah," said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very nice if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me," said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as

he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running, bubbling melody, something like that of a kettle boiling.

Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and positive.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand

times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice in the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out." But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly. Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But, instead of a liquid stream, there came out first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then



a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend of the mug; all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, seeming to try if he were put together aright. Gluck looked at him in speechless amazement. The dwarf was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over its surface as if it were mother-of-pearl; and over this doublet his hair and beard fell halfway to the ground in waving curls, so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into the air. The features of the face, however, were not so delicate, but rather coarse; the complexion was coppery, and the expression indicated an obstinate and ungovernable disposition. When the dwarf finished examining himself, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly a very abrupt way to begin a conversation. It might be supposed to refer to Gluck's thoughts. However that may have been, Gluck had no disposition to dispute him.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly.

"No," said the dwarf, positively, "no, it wouldn't," and with that he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and took two turns of three feet each, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting his feet down very hard. This gave Gluck time to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his little visitor with dread, his curiosity overcame his surprise, and he ventured to ask a strange question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, with hesitation, "were you in my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp around, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Then he took two more turns of about six feet each to allow time for Gluck to recover from the consternation which he supposed this announcement would cause.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to Gluck. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you: therefore attend to what I tell

you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second, attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug! My mug!"

CHAPTER THREE

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the end of this time they dropped into their chairs and asked Gluck to tell what

he had to say for himself. Gluck told them the story, of which they, of course, did not believe a word. They beat him again till they were tired, and then staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, as Gluck still adhered to his story, they began to believe in it, and to wrangle over the question as to who should first try his fortune. Finally they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise alarmed the neighbors, who tried to stop them, but not being able to do so, they sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before a magistrate and fined for breaking the peace. Having spent his last penny, he was unable to pay his fine and so was thrown into prison.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under the pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

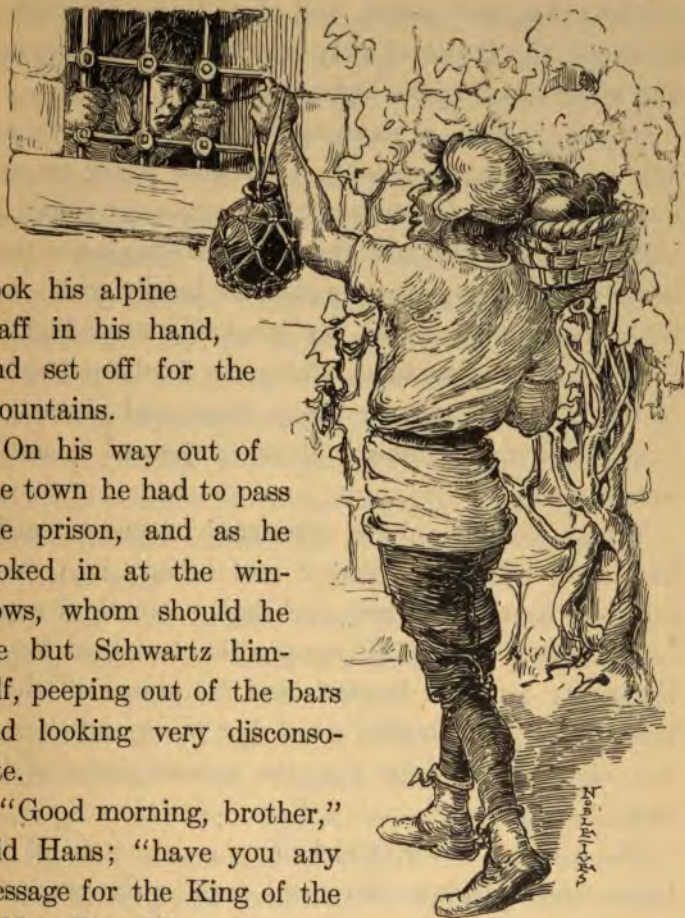
Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat into a basket, slung them over his back,

took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself, peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his might; but Hans only laughed at him, and advised him to make himself comfortable



till he came back again, and shouldering his basket, he shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face and marched off in the highest spirits.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in the pale gray shadow, hardly to be told from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the sharp crags, and pierced, in long, level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine.

Far above shot up red splintered masses of castle-like rock, which was jagged and broken into many fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at a very fast walk, which tired him before he had reached the top of the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on reaching the summit to find that there was a large glacier between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer, yet he thought he had never crossed so strange or dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was so very slippery, and out of all its chasms came the sound of gushing water, not soft and low, but rough and loud, with sounds of wild melody, then melancholy tones or sudden shrieks like those of human voices in distress or pain.

The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the congealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh

chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a dangerous burden on the glacier, and now had no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off pieces of the ice and eating it. This relieved his thirst, and an hour's rest gave him new strength, and his greedy spirit caused him to renew his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or any shade from the sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless with heat. Intense thirst soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was afflicted; glance after glance he cast upon the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside

him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. He did not know how it was, but he thought a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; but they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. A dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the

dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarce five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water," he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "water, I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent.

As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER FOUR

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that happened. Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, who, in this way, got out of prison. Schwartz was quite pleased, and said Gluck should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

When Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that the King of

the Golden River might not be pleased with that, so he determined to manage better. He took more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest who very readily sold him some of the holy water. Schwartz felt sure that this would be all right. He got up in the morning long before sunrise, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and started for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother. As he lifted his flask to his lips to drink, he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz: "I haven't half enough for myself," and he passed on. As he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour, thirst overcame him again, and as he went to drink he saw the old man lying before him in the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea. They cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted the flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted in the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms toward him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed, do you suppose I brought it all the way up here for you?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; a

strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds to fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did this, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER FIVE

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. After a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone."

So he went to the priest, who gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Gluck took some

bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had caused his brothers a great deal of fatigue, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced in mountain climbing. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange sounds under the ice. After he had got over, he lay on the grass a long time to rest. He began to climb the hill just at the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he became dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water."

Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water, but said, "Pray, don't drink it all."

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave back the bottle two thirds empty. He bade him God-speed, and Gluck went on merrily. The path became easier to his feet, a few blades of grass appeared, some grasshoppers began to sing on the bank, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

He went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced

to drink. As he raised the flask he saw a little child panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle



to the child's lips, and it drank all the water save a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more

blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again. When he looked at his bottle he saw there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging his flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog; but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck; "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it."

Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it.

"Confound the King, and his gold, too!" said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone,

and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right," for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck. "Have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very likely," replied the dwarf; "but —" and his countenance grew stern as he spoke — "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three

drops of clear dew. The dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so God-speed."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose in the air; the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because the river was not only not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley, and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way underground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was

flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed along the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; his barns became full of corn, and his house full of treasure. For him the river had, according to the promise of the dwarf, become a river of gold.

To this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. At the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen TWO BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset, and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of sugar plums danced through their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —

When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow

Gave a luster of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly;
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

NOVEMBER

ALICE CARY

THE leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallows back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,

And the loveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

CRADLE HYMN

ISAAC WATTS

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care, or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

THE LOST CAMEL

A DERVISH¹ was traveling alone in a desert, when two merchants met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants. "Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish. "He had," said the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and corn on the other?" "Most certainly he

¹ *Dervish*: A Mohammedan friar or monk.

was," answered the merchants; "and as you have seen him, we suppose you can show us where he is."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."

"A very pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," replied the dervish.

At this statement the merchants seized him and took him before the *cadi*,¹ and the strictest search was made and the dervish questioned closely, but nothing could be learned against him. No evidence of either falsehood or theft could be found. So they were about to proceed against him as a magician, when he addressed the court as follows: "I have been much amused at your surprise, and I own that there has been some ground for your thinking that I have deceived you, but I have lived long and alone, and have formed the habit of observing very closely. I crossed the track of a camel, which I knew must have strayed from its owner, as I saw no track of human footsteps. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye because it had eaten the herbage only on one side of its path; I noticed that it must be lame in one leg, as one foot made fainter impressions in the sand than did the others.

¹ *Cadi*: A Turkish judge.

I was satisfied that the animal had lost one tooth because wherever it had eaten, there was a tuft of the herbage uninjured, in the center of the bite. As to what formed the burden of the beast, I had only to observe the busy ants carrying off corn on the one side, and the clustering flies gathered about bits of honey on the other."

WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE

ONE of the most famous stories in the world is that of William Tell and the Apple. Many hundred years ago the Austrians had conquered the little country of Switzerland and ruled it as they pleased. One of the Austrian governors of the country was named Gessler. In order to show his power, and make every one acknowledge it, he placed his cap on the top of a pole in the market place of a village. Every one who passed by was ordered to salute it. Gessler sat on a rich throne and watched men as they went by, bowing low to the cap, that glittered in the sun because of its ornaments of gold and handsome gems.

At length a tall man from the mountains passed without even recognizing Gessler or his cap. This was William Tell, a famous archer who loved his country and hated the tyrant, Gessler. The governor was angry and ordered his guards to bring Tell before him.



"Who are you?" demanded the governor. "My name is William Tell," was the reply. "Why do you not salute either me or my cap?" "Because you are a tyrant, and I have no respect for you."

Gessler was almost beside himself with rage. He ordered Tell to be killed. However, he thought he might have a greater revenge than the mere killing of Tell would afford him. He had learned of Tell's skill as an archer, and told him that if he could hit an apple at a given distance he should be set free. Tell thought the more kindly of him for this, and thought that perhaps he was not so bad a man as he had believed him to

be. Tell gladly accepted the offer to give an exhibition of his skill. The cruel tyrant sent for Tell's only son, and put the apple on his head, and ordered Tell to shoot. He hoped that the man would kill his own son. Tell was almost unnerved, but his son said, "I am not afraid, father." He knew how skillful his father was, and tried to cheer him by telling that he had made many far more difficult shots. Tell selected his arrow with the utmost care, drew the bowstring back to his ear, and took very careful aim. The feathered arrow flashed before a breathless crowd and split the apple in halves.

How the crowd cheered! His friends ran to him. As he was about to be set free, it was noticed that he had another arrow concealed on his person. "Why did you have the second arrow?" said Gessler. "To kill thee, tyrant, had I killed my son," said the brave Tell.

At this the enraged governor ordered Tell to be put in chains and taken across a lake to a castle where he was to be imprisoned in a dungeon in which were snakes, toads, and other reptiles. As the party was crossing the lake a sudden storm swept down from the mountains, and the boat was in danger of being wrecked. Gessler knew Tell to be a skillful boatman and ordered his chains to be removed that he might direct the boat. Tell took the helm and brought the boat safely to land.

He was the first to leap out, and, with a bow which he snatched up, he shot Gessler through the heart. The natives of Switzerland rose on every hand, and under the skillful leadership of Tell they drove the Austrians from the country and regained their liberty.

PUSS IN BOOTS

THERE was once a miller who died and left his three sons his mill, his ass, and his cat. The eldest son had the first choice, and took the mill. The second son chose the ass, and there was nothing left the youngest son but the cat.

The poor young fellow felt very sad at having so poor an inheritance. He said his brothers could join and make a handsome living, while the best that he could do would be to eat the cat, and have a muff made of its skin.

The cat heard his complaints and said: "Do not complain, my good master. Give me a bag and get me a pair of boots, so that I may run through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion as you have feared."

The cat's master had not much faith that the cat would be worth anything to him, but as he had seen the animal play many very cunning tricks, such as hanging by the heels and making believe that he was dead, or

hiding in the meal, in order to catch mice and rats, he did not wholly despair.

He gave the cat what he asked for. Once the cat took a bag and went where there were a great number of rabbits. He put bran and sow thistle into his bag, and stretched himself out as though he were dead.

Soon a foolish young rabbit went into the bag to see what was in it. The cat immediately pulled the strings that closed the mouth of the bag, then killed the young rabbit without mercy, and took it to the king, saying that his master, the Marquis of Carabas, as he chose to call his master, had sent it.

The king was greatly pleased, and sent his thanks to the cat's master. Another time the cat hid himself in the standing corn, holding his bag open. A couple of partridges ran into it, and the cat pulled the strings as before. He took the partridges to the king as he had done with the rabbits, and again the king was pleased, and gave the cat some money.

For two or three months the cat carried game to the king, saying it came from his master. One day the cat learned that the king and his daughter were to drive along the riverside. He said to his master: "If you will follow my advice, your fortune is made. All you have to do is to go and wash yourself in the part of the river that I tell you to." His master did as he was told, though he did not know why he was to do it.

While he was washing, the king passed by, and the cat cried out as loud as he could: "Help, help! My lord marquis of Carabas is going to be drowned." The king heard him and put his head out of his carriage window. When he saw the cat that had so often brought him fine game, he stopped and ordered his guards to run to the assistance of the Marquis of Carabas.

As they were taking the marquis out of the river, the cat came up to the coach of the king and told him that while his master was bathing some rogues stole his clothes and ran away with them. The cunning cat had hidden the clothes under a stone. The king ordered the officers of his wardrobe to provide the marquis with a fine suit.

The clothes made the cat's master appear to most excellent advantage, as he was really well built and had a handsome face. The king received him very graciously, and the king's daughter fell in love with him at once. The king insisted that the Marquis of Carabas come into the carriage with him and join the party.

The cat ran ahead to where some countrymen were mowing a meadow, in a most beautiful part of the country. The cat threatened the mowers, telling them that if they did not tell the king when he passed that this country belonged to the Marquis of Carabas, that they should be chopped in pieces.

The king admired the country when he came along, and asked the mowers to whom it belonged, as the cat was sure he would do. They, remembering the cat's threats, all answered at once, saying, "To my lord marquis of Carabas."

The marquis said, "You see, sir, that this is a meadow which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest every year."

Again the cat ran ahead till he came to where there were reapers at work. He threatened them as he had



done the mowers, telling them that they must say, if the king asked, that all the corn belonged to the Marquis of Carabas. They did so. The cat ran on ahead,

telling the same thing to all whom he found at work. The king was greatly astonished at the vastness of the estate of the marquis.

Master Puss at last came to a fine castle that belonged to an ogre,¹ the richest ever known. All the lands through which the king had been passing belonged to this ogre.

The cat had learned all about the ogre, and asked permission to speak with him, saying that he could not pass so near his castle without having the honor of paying him his respects.

The ogre received him pleasantly, and asked him to sit down. The cat said, "I have been told that you have the power of changing yourself into all kinds of creatures as you wish, that you could change yourself into an elephant, or a lion, if you cared to do so." "This is true," replied the ogre, and he instantly changed himself to a lion, which so frightened the Puss that he ran into the gutter. The ogre soon resumed his former shape, and Puss came back, saying that he had really been terrified at the sudden and startling change.

"But," said the cat, "I have been told that you can also change yourself into the shape of the smallest animals, though I cannot believe that. I have been told that you can change yourself to a rat or mouse, but this

¹ *Ogre*: A monster that was supposed to devour human beings.

is impossible." "Impossible!" cried the ogre. "You shall see," and at once he changed himself to a mouse, and began to run about the floor, but Puss immediately ate him up.

In the meantime the king approached the fine castle, and made up his mind to make a call upon the owner. When Puss heard the noise of his majesty's coach passing over the drawbridge, he ran out and said, "Your majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord, Marquis of Carabas."

"What! My lord marquis!" cried the king, "and does this castle also belong to you? There can be nothing in the land that is finer. Let us enter it if you please."

They passed from room to room and finally entered a spacious hall where all preparation for a magnificent banquet, which the ogre had prepared for friends of his, had been made. The king, his daughter, and the marquis partook of the feast.

The king was greatly delighted with the Marquis of Carabas, and it was clear that his daughter was very much in love with him. The king said, "It will be owing to yourself alone, my lord marquis, if you are not my son-in-law." The marquis and the king's daughter were married that very day.

Puss became a great lord and never ran after mice any more.

ON A CIRCLE

JONATHAN SWIFT

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employed their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found in almost every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

JAMES BALLANTYNE

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn
Who sits with careless grace,
Glowering in the fire,
With his wee, round face,
Laughing at the gusty flame, —
What sees he there?
Ha! The young dreamer
Builds castles in the air.

His wee, chubby face,
And his rough, curly head,
Are dancing and nodding
To the fire in its bed;

He'll brown his rosy cheeks,
And singe his sunny hair,
Staring at the imps
With their castles in the air.

He sees lofty towers
Rising to the moon!
He sees little soldiers
Pulling them all down.
Worlds rushing up and down,
Blazing with a flare, —
See how he leaps,
As they glimmer in the air.

For all so sage he looks,
What can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon nothing;
Like many mighty men.
A wee thing makes us think,
A small thing makes us stare, —
There are more folks than him
Building castles in the air.

Such a night in winter
May well make him cold;
His chin upon his chubby hand
Will soon make him old.

His brow is smooth and broad, —
Oh, pray that busy care
Would let the wean alone
With his castles in the air!

He'll glower at the fire,
And he'll glance at the light!
But many sparkling stars
Are swallowed up in night;
Older eyes than his
Are dazzled by a glare;
Hearts are broken, heads are turned,
With castles in the air.

JOHN MAYNARD

JOHN B. GOUGH

JOHN MAYNARD was pilot of the steamer *Ocean Queen*, which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was well known as an honest, intelligent man; and now the time came when he was to prove himself as true a hero as ever lived.

On a bright midsummer day, as the *Ocean Queen* was steaming toward Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate Simpson to go down and see what caused the smoke.

Presently the officer returned, his face as pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than three hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips, "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he issued quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of rosin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation, the lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The *Ocean Queen* had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot, and anxiously asked, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach it?"

"Three quarters of an hour."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger *here*. See the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew — men, women, and children — crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir!"

"Head her southeast, and run her ashore!"

Nearer, and nearer yet, she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

GOING INTO BREECHES

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

JOY to Philip! He this day
Has his long coats cast away,

And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-Coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANNIKIN:
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom —
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade;
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners,
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games
And forget their very names;
Puss in corners, hide and seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste the bear he now may play at;
Leapfrog, football sport away at,
Show his skill and strength at cricket,

Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady;
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the color of his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature.
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

THE DEAD DOLL

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT

By permission

"YOU needn't be trying to comfort me — I tell you
my dolly is dead!



There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that
in her head.

It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my
tooth out that day;
And then when the man 'most pulled my head off,
you hadn't a word to say.

"And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say
you can mend it with glue;
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just sup-
pose it was you?

You might make her look all mended — but what do I care for looks?

Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys and the backs of books!

"My dolly! My own little daughter; oh, but it's the awfulest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor little head went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.

Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

"I think you must be crazy — you'll get her another head!

What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!

And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

"When my mamma gave me that ribbon — I was playing out in the yard —

She said to me, most expressly, 'Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde.'

And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw
me do it;
But I said to myself, 'Oh, never mind, I don't believe
she knew it!'

"But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I
do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head
broke, too.
Oh, my baby! My little baby! I wish my head had
been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a
bit.

"But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried,
of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall
be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this,
you see —
This dear little box — and we'll bury her there out
under the maple tree.

"And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one
he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it, — yes, every single
word!

I shall say, 'Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head.'"

THE TWELVE BROTHERS

GRIMM BROTHERS

MANY years ago there lived a king and queen who had twelve children, all boys. They lived very happily together till one day the king told the queen that if they should have a daughter, all the sons must die that the daughter alone might inherit their kingdom, and their riches.

The king had twelve coffins made, so as to have them ready for use in case a daughter were born to them. The coffins were locked in a private room, and the key was given to the queen. The king begged the queen not to tell their boys, but she was so sad that the youngest son noticed it and asked his mother the cause.

"I cannot tell you, my child," she replied; but the boy would not be contented and gave his mother no rest, so she took him to the private room and showed him the coffins, and told him what they were for. She wept bitterly, but her son comforted her, saying, "Do not weep, dear mother; we will take care of ourselves, and be far away from here if a sister is born."

His mother told him that it would be better for him and his brothers to go into a forest near by and remain, and each day go to the top of a high hill, and if a daughter was born she would hang a red flag out on the castle.

The boys did as she advised, and on the twelfth day when Benjamin, the youngest son, was watching, he saw a red flag. The other sons were so angry because a little maiden was the cause of their having to leave their home, that they vowed to kill the first maiden that they should meet in the forest.

In order to be safer, they went farther into the forest, where they found a pleasant little cottage that no one lived in, though it was very neatly furnished.

"Here we will make our home," they said, "and you, Benjamin, being the youngest and the weakest, shall stay at home and keep house while we go out and procure food."

So they wandered through the forest, shooting hares, wild rabbits, pigeons, and other birds. They also gathered nuts and berries. They lived in this way very happily for ten years, during which time they heard nothing from home.

During this time their sister grew to be a great girl. She had a sweet disposition, and was very beautiful. She had rich clothes and wore a golden star on her forehead.

One day when she was about ten years old, she dis-

covered twelve shirts in her mother's wardrobe. "Mother," she said, "whose shirts are these? They are much too small for my father." The queen sighed deeply as she replied, "Dear child, these shirts belong to your twelve brothers."

"Twelve brothers!" cried the little maiden; "where are they? I have never even so much as heard of them."

"Heaven only knows where they are," was the reply. "They are wandering about the world somewhere."

Then the queen took her little daughter to the private room in the castle, and showed her the twelve coffins which had been prepared for her brothers, and told her, with many tears, why her brothers had left home.

"Dear mother," said the child, "do not weep. I will go and seek my brothers."

So she took the twelve shirts with her, and wandered away into the forest.

She walked for a whole day, and by evening had become very tired. At last she saw a light in a cottage, and stepped to the door and knocked. It was opened by a young boy, who stared with astonishment at seeing a beautiful little girl dressed in rich clothing, and wearing a golden star on her forehead.

At last he said, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am a king's daughter," she replied, "and I seek

my twelve brothers, and I intend to search for them in every place under the sun till I find them; and these are their shirts," she added, opening her bundle.

Then Benjamin knew that she was his sister, and said, "I am your youngest brother, Benjamin."

On hearing this, the little maiden wept with joy. The brother and sister kissed each other with deep affection, and for a time were very happy.

Then Benjamin remembered the vow that the brothers had made, and he told his sister. She said, "I would willingly die if by so doing I could restore to my brothers their rightful possessions."

"Nothing of the kind shall happen," said Benjamin. "Hide yourself, and when our brothers come home, I will see what can be done."

When the brothers came, Benjamin prepared supper, and while they were eating one of them said, "Well, Benjamin, have you any news to tell us?"

"Perhaps I have," he said, "although it seems strange that I, who stay at home, should know more than you, who have been out."

"Well, tell us your news," said one.

So he said, "I will tell you if you will make one promise."

"Yes, yes!" they all cried. "What is it?"

"Well, then, promise me that the first maiden you meet in the forest shall *not* die."

"Yes, yes!" said they all; "she shall have mercy; but tell us."

"Then," said the youngest brother, "our sister is here;" and, rising, he opened the door of the inner room, and the king's daughter came forth in her royal robes, and with a golden star on her forehead, looking so fair, so delicate, and so beautiful that the brothers were filled with joy. They kissed and embraced her with the fondest affection.

She stayed with them and helped the youngest brother in keeping the house. Everything was managed so much better than before, the house was so clean, the curtains and quilts were so beautifully white, and the dinners so well cooked, that they all lived together very happily.

There was a pretty garden around their house, and one day when they were all home together at dinner, and enjoying themselves, the maiden went into the garden to gather some flowers.

There were twelve lilies that she had tended with great care. They were now in such splendid bloom that she determined to pick them and put one at the plate of each of her brothers to please them.

The moment she gathered the lilies her twelve brothers were changed into twelve ravens, and flew away over the trees of the forest, and the charming house and garden vanished from sight.



The poor little maiden was left all alone in the wild wood, and knew not what to do; but on turning to leave the place, she saw a curious old

woman standing near, who said to her: "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave those white flowers to grow on their stems? They were thy twelve brothers, and now they will always remain ravens."

"Is there no way to set them free?" asked the maiden, weeping.

"No way in the world," she replied, "but one, and that is far too difficult for thee to perform, yet it would break the spell and set them free."

"Tell me, tell me!" she cried. "I know I can do it; only tell me what it is."

On hearing this the old woman replied, "Hast thou firmness enough to remain dumb seven years, and not speak to any one, or even laugh? For if ever you utter a single word, or fail only once in seven years, all you have done before will be vain, and at this one word your brothers will die."

"Yes," said the maiden, "I can do this to set my brothers free."

The maiden climbed into a tree, for she had no home now, and seating herself in the branches, began to knit. She remained there for three days, living on the fruit that grew on the tree.

At the end of three days, as she was sitting in the tree, she saw some hunters pass near by. The king, who was of the party, had a favorite hound who very soon discovered the maiden, ran to the tree on which she sat, sprang up to it, and barked violently.

The king came nearer, and saw the beautiful king's daughter with the golden star on her forehead. He was so struck with her beauty that he begged her to come down, and asked her to be his bride. She did not speak a word, but merely nodded her head. Then the king climbed into the tree, brought her down, seated her on his horse, and galloped away with her to his own home.

Soon afterward the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

After they had lived happily together for some years, the king's mother, a wicked woman, began to raise wicked reports about the queen, and said to the king: "It is some beggar woman you have picked up. Who can tell what wicked tricks she practices? Who can tell in what wretched home she may have been trained? Of course, she can't help being dumb, but why does she never laugh, unless she has a guilty conscience?"

At first the king would listen to none of these suspicions, but his mother led him on by degrees, and accused the queen of such wicked conduct that at last he gave up his beautiful wife to be burned to death. If she could have spoken to defend herself, the king might have saved her; but she remained silent to save her brothers, and so he concluded she was guilty.

On the day of the execution, the king, who still loved his wife dearly, stood weeping at a window overlooking the court. He saw her brought forth and tied to a stake. He



saw the fire kindled, and the forked tongues of flame creep toward her. At this moment the seven years expired. There was heard a rustling noise of wings in the air. Twelve black ravens alighted on the earth, and instantly assumed the forms of the queen's brothers. The enchantment was broken, and they arrived in time to save the life of their sister.

They tore down the pile and extinguished the flames. The queen, who was now able to speak, told the king why she had been dumb and had never laughed.

The delight of the king was equaled only by his anger against the wicked witch, who was brought to justice and ordered to be thrown into a vat of oil full of poisonous snakes, where she died a dreadful death.

ONE BY ONE

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN

ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;

One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You can never get through;

But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

GUESSING SONG

HENRY JOHNSTONE

OH HO! Oh ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.
Oh ho! Oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw;"
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.



Oh ho! Oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and sail o'er the sea?

I swing all the weathercocks this way and that,
I play hare-and-hounds with a runaway hat;
But however I wander, I never can stray,
For go where I will, I've a free right of way!
Oh ho! Oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street,
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I'm known in the country, I'm named in the town,
For all the world over extends my renown.

Oh ho! Oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

MEMORY GEMS

HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone —
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears —
Pass it on.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy,
reaps friendship; he who plants kindness, gathers
love. — BASIL.

Be not simply good; be good for something. —
THOREAU.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves. — HOLLAND.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to
speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us
nothing. — TILLOTSON.

It requires a good, strong man to say, "I was mis-
taken and I am sorry." A weak man hesitates and
often fails to do the right thing. — FRANKLIN.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right,
do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. — GILPIN.

We should ask, not who is most learned, but who is
best learned. — LADY MONTAGU.

PROVERBS AND MAXIMS

CONTENTMENT is better than riches.
Better be alone than in bad company.

A great talker is seldom a wise man.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

Pleasures are mortal, virtues immortal.

Learn the luxury of doing good.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

Money is a good servant, but a bad master.

It is easier to pull down than to build.

Well done is better than well said.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

He is richest who is contented with least.

No man is free who does not command himself.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.

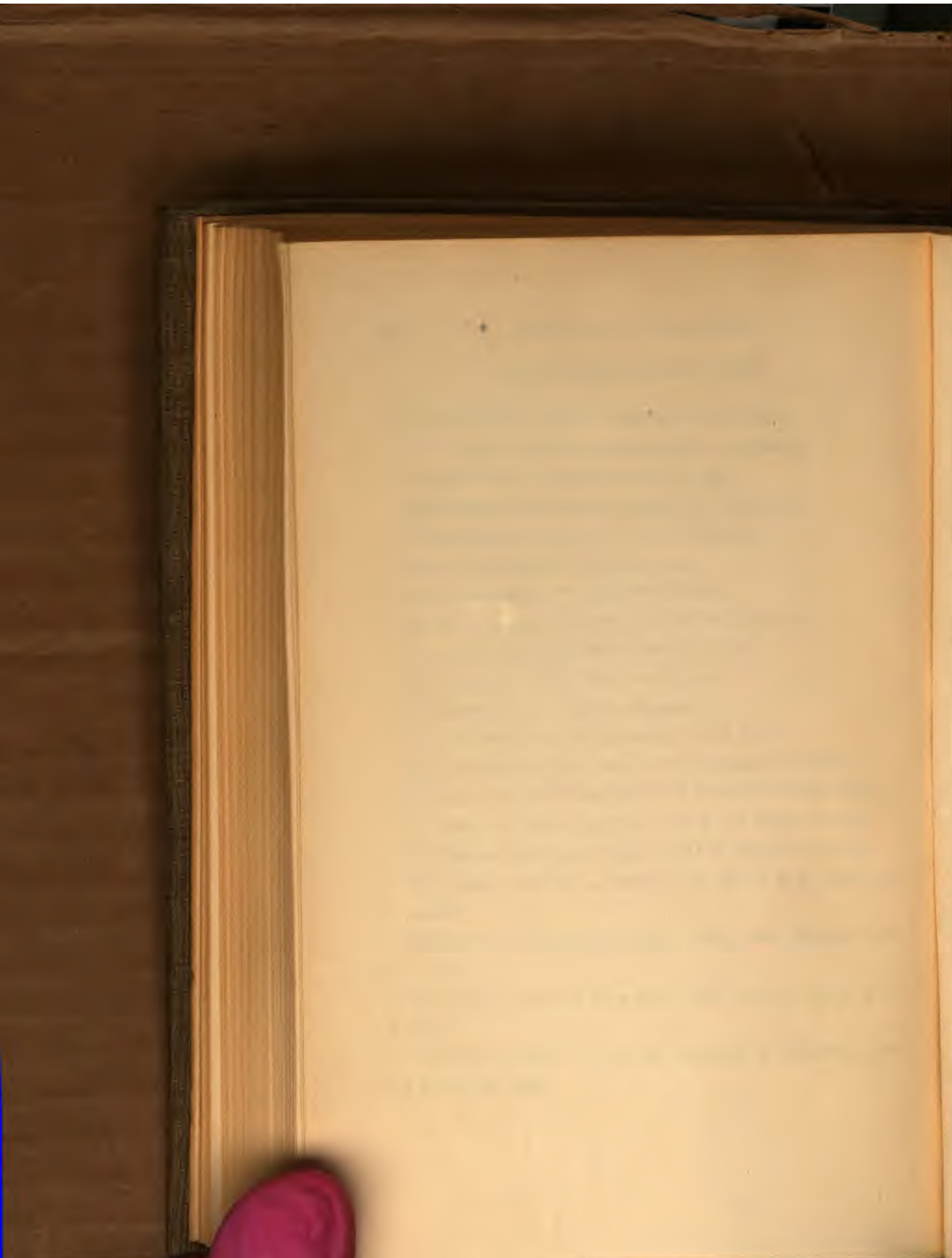
The man without a purpose is like a ship without
a rudder.

Industry is Fortune's right hand, and frugality is
her left.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be
a man.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good
for anything else.

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